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Songs of Innisfail

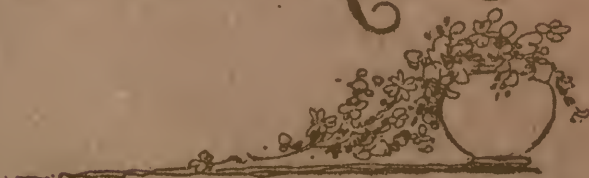


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LOS ANGELES



Songs of Minstrel

by
Francis Quinn



To Mr M. J. Connelley
with kindest regards
Francis J. Quinn

Oakland
Nov 23rd
1914





*And Memory at evening tide
Shall wing her flight o'er oceans wide
To treasured scenes along thy shore
Oh! lonely, lovely Island More.*

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SONGS OF INNISFAIL

By FRANCIS QUINN



OAKLAND
CELTIC PUBLISHING SOCIETY
1914

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*Dear Reader, if you only knew
How strong my love—how strongly
true
My love for native land—my hate
For those who caused her piteous
fate,
You might forgive the imperfect
song
I timidly address to you.*

F. Q.

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O SEE YOU THAT ISLE.

O see you that Isle! in the ocean uplifted,
Where green grows the shamrock and roses
 blush red,
Whose daughters are fair and whose sons
 rarely gifted,
Where glory stands guard o'er the patriot
 dead.

O see you that Isle! with its verdure-clad
 mountains,
Bathed in the light of the evening's rich glow;
O see you the flash of its silver-hued foun-
 tains,
As they leap from the hills to the valleys be-
 low.

O see you the waves of the broad Shannon
 rolling
Along to the sea-beach by lone Mullaghmore,
Or hear you the sound of the vesper bell tolling
From the old church at home in loved Cur-
 raghadore.

O see you that Isle! where silently rest
Brave Emmet and Orr and the gallant Shawn
 Roe,
Who reaped but a grave on its emerald breast,
And died for their country defying the foe.

O see you that Isle! 'tis the home of my child-
 hood,
Where happy I roamed through the long sum-
 mer day,
Bird-nesting at will in the deep tangled wild-
 wood
That shelters the slopes of clear Carlingford
 bay.

O see you that Isle! 'tis the land where Wolfe
Tone
Arose in the noon of his manhood to foil
The brutal invader who claimed as his own
The wealth of its children, their lives, and their
soil.

O see you that Isle! 'tis the land where Tom
Moore
Gave the world a bright song-burst that never
shall fail.
The soul throbs of Ireland which shall ever
endure
In the hearts and the homes of the patriot
Gael.

O see you that Isle! 'tis the land of my fathers,
The land of St. Patrick and home of the brave,
Through long years of absence there memory
gathers,
For my heart lies with Erin far over the wave.



A MORNING WALK IN IRELAND.

O green were the fields,
As I roamed on my way,
One bright Sunday morn
In the sweet month of May.

And rich were the hills,
And fair to behold,
In their mantles of green,
And their blossoms of gold.

Loud sang the sweet linnet,
The blackbird, the thrush,
And the dark-breasted starling,
From many a bush,

And blithe as love's lyrics
From the tall waving corn,
Rose the song of the lark,
To the ear of the morn,

Low murmured the streams,
As they danced in their pride,
Down lofty Slieve Grittle
And Quoila's green side,

To haunts where the cowslip,
And violet repose,
In the nooks and the dells,
Where the Glasswater flows.

From the hills in the distance,
The balmy south breeze,
Brought a shower that sparkled,
On the grass, and the trees,

And arrayed the fair breast
Of a rose on its stem,
With diamonds as rare
As an Orient gem.

From a rainbow that arched,
And glowed in the skies,
Methought I saw "Freedom"
Triumphant arise,

And smile her fair smile,
And stretch forth her brave hand,
O'er the mountains and glens
Of my own native land.

Enraptured I gazed
On each wide spreading vale,
Each clear flashing fountain,
And brier bud pale.

"O! Ireland," I cried,
As I wandered along.
"Thou sweet land of beauty,
Of love, and of song,

"Here surely to thee
And thy children was given,
One bright glimpse of Freedom,
One foretaste of Heaven."

SONG.

AIR—"The Maids of Galway."

I met my love one lovely morn
In the spring-time of the year,
When blossoms white bedecked the thorn,
And the lark sang loud and clear.
I gazed upon her winsome face,
Then 'round my heart, I ween,
I felt the spell of the magic grace
Of lovely sweet Kathleen.
I loved her then, I love her now,
She is pure as pure can be,
Och! I would give the wide, wide world
To know that she loves me.

Her face is fair as summer skies,
She is my fond heart's choice,
In dreams I see her dreamy eyes,
And hear her laughing voice.
There's not a bud or flower that flakes
The hills and meadows green,
Nor yet a wandering stream but makes
Me think of my Kathleen.
I think of her, I dream of her,
I love her tenderly,
And I would give the wide, wide world
To know that she loves me.

The rose may cease to bud and blow,
And lilies die forever,
And friends may come and friends may go,
But forget her I shall never.
Love-ties around my heart are spun
Too strong to break, I ween;
They will not, cannot, be undone,
My soul shall guard Kathleen.
For I love her, and I'll love her
Through all the years to be,
But I would give the wide, wide world
To know that she loves me!

NORA'S LETTER.

To Terence in America:

“Do you ever think of me,
My Terence *gal machree?*
When the rosy dawn is breaking,
And the slumbering world is waking,
And the sparkling dew is shaking,
On rosebud, leaf and tree.

“Do you ever sigh for me,
Ma bouchal bawn machree?
When the woodlands green are ringing,
With the sounds of music springing,
From the wild birds sweetly singing,
Their songs of melody.

“Do you ever long for me,
My Terence *stor machree?*
When the Autumn winds are sighing,
And the flowers are dead and dying,
And the fleecy clouds are flying
Over hill, and vale, and lea.

“Do you ever dream of me
Mavourneen gra machree?
In that sunny golden land
Where all they say is grand,
Far away from Erin's strand,
Far away from home and me.

“Do you ever think of me,
And how lonely I must be?
By the glowing turf-fire bright,
In the gloaming's mellow light,
Thru the long, long winter's night,
As I sit and think of thee?

NORA.

FROM TERENCE TO NORA.

"I think of thee in the morning,
When the dew is on the flowers,
When Nature spreads her mantle green,
O'er fair Dromara's bowers.

"I think of thee at the noontide,
Beside the hawthorn bush,
Where we often sat and listened
To the warbling of the thrush.

"I think of thee in the gloaming,
With sighs of fond regret,
Through all my years of roaming,
I never can forget.

"I think of thee at night, love,
When the drowsy world is still.
In dreams I walk with thee, love,
By Creeva's lonely hill.

"I think of fond days vanished,
The days of life's young spring,
And memory's thoughts still ponder
O'er the songs we used to sing.

"I think of thee, dear Nora,
Here in an alien land;
I miss the glance of your loving eye,
And the clasp of your gentle hand.

"I long for the day, and the hour,
When blessed by heaven above,
I will wander back to the dear old land,
To my home, and the girl I love.

THE EXILE'S TOAST.

An echo of the Boer War.

"A toast! a toast!" the exiles cried,
 'Neath the cabin's swinging light,
As the round moon shone o'er the waters wide,
 In the calm of an Autumn night.

"A toast to the land that bore us,
 A health to the brave Oom Paul,
The green flag floating o'er us,
 On the veldts of the far Transvaal."

With jest and song these exiles brave,
 The red wine freely quaffed,
As the good ship "Seagull" ploughed the wave
 With a fresh'ning breeze abaft.

'Til a youth stood up with brimming cup,
 His dark eyes flashing bright,
While each one gazed on his manly form,
 As he cried in accents light:

"I toast not the maid of the curling hair,
 Or eyes of brown or blue,
Or knights of old who loved to dare,
 For the sake of a maiden true.

"I drink to the men of that dauntless band,
 Who fought in 'Ninety-eight,'
To free their homes and native land
 From the tyrant England's hate.

"I drink to the men who faced the foe
 On Ednavady's slope,
To Lord Edward and the bold Monroe,
 Wolfe Tone and the gallant Hope.

"Then fill your glasses here tonight,
And drink to our deathless brave,
Who fought for right against England's might
Their motherland to save.

"Drink to the men who faced the foe,
On scaffold high, and field,
McCracken, Orr, and the brave Shawn Roe,
And the gallant brothers Shield."

And they drank the toast in their loyal pride
'Neath the cabin's swinging light,
As the moonbeams danced on the waters wide,
In the calm of that Autumn night.

They drank to the men of that fearless band,
That fought in the long ago.
They toasted success to the dear old land,
And death to the English foe.

Grim were the looks these exiles wore,
Who were wont to be so gay,
And deep and stern were the vows they swore
As their glasses clinked that day.

Ah! history yet will tell a tale,
That will sound from shore to shore.
How these Irish fought for "*Granuaille*,"
And the land of the sturdy Boer.

THE DAISY.

Let poets praise the lily fair,
That reigns in garden plot,
And sing of dainty maiden's-hair,
And blue forget-me-not;
And roses blushing sweet and free,
Where briery walks are mazy,
They can have them all, but give to me
The humble Irish daisy.
The daisy, oh the daisy,
The good old-fashioned daisy,
The sweetest flower in Nature's bower,
The unassuming daisy.

When wintry winds are blowing cold,
O'er woodlands bleak and bare,
That dainty flower with heart of gold,
Is springing here and there.
On sheltered lawn, on hill and lea,
When clouds are gray and hazy,
It shyly, sweetly nods at me,
The courteous little daisy.
The daisy, oh the daisy,
The shy and lowly daisy,
With slender form it breasts the storm—
God save the Irish daisy!

When gentle Spring steals o'er the land,
In emerald garments dressed,
And scatters with a lavish hand,
Sweet petals from her breast,
In showers they fall with silent glee,
Until the fields are mazy,
'Tis then I praise most fervently
The modest star-eyed daisy,
The daisy, oh the daisy,
The crimson-tinted daisy,
When hills are green the fairest seen
Is Ireland's glorious daisy!

MY IRISH GIRL.

Sparkling eyes of deepest blue,
Eyes of love's own violet hue,
Cheeks like roses all aglow,
Lips like Cupid's arched bow.
And teeth as white as purest pearl,
O! a maiden fair is my Irish girl.

Waving tresses of raven sheen,
A halo fit for a Celtic queen,
Form of slender, matchless grace,
A bashful look on her modest face,
And a voice that makes my bosom whirl—
O! a beauty rare is my Irish girl.

At eve when daisies nod and sleep,
And winds are pillowed on the deep,
I take my blackthorn stick and roam,
Across the fields to her father's home;
And there at the fire beside my pearl,
I sit and woo my Irish girl.

On Sunday morn when Mass is o'er,
I meet my love at the chapel door,
Then down the *boreen* hand in hand,
We wander to sweet Shannon's strand,
Where the breezes kiss each glossy curl,
On the fair young brow of my Irish girl.

To the *Margamore** the grandest seen,
Comes my *colleen dhas* in her robe of green;
There every head is turned to greet,
My Kathleen as we walk the street,
Och! many a *bouchal's* heart would whirl
To walk beside my Irish girl.

I would not give my happy lot,
My garden gay and snow-white cot,
My painted yawl on Mono's shore,
And my sweetheart true for gold galore.
Nor change for the wealth of the richest earl,
The pure sweet love of my Irish girl.

*Big Market.

ISLAND MORE.

The day has fled and all is still
On Hanna's flowering vale and hill,
The gentle robin with glowing breast
And russet wing has gone to rest,
The roses decked in dewy gems,
Are drooping on their slender stems,
And slumber reigns along thy shore,
And in thy bowers loved Island More.

Across the shadows of the night
Behold yon glorious orb of light
That floods with clear and tranquil ray,
The shimmering waters of the bay.
Beyond those undulating beams,
Like landscapes limned in fairy dreams,
I see the hills on Myra's shore,
And the silver sands on Island More.

Hark to the bugle's thrilling notes!
How soft and sweet the music floats
Upon the primrose-scented air,
Like vestal virgin's song of prayer,
Now swelling o'er the woodlands green,
Now trembling o'er each changing scene,
Till echoes ring from shore to shore,
And softly die on Island More.

Ah! I must leave thee, lovely isle,
Where simple mirth and peace beguile—
The ruddy hearth, the summer bowers
Arrayed in nature's sweetest flowers—
To sail the ocean's lonely path,
And brave the storm's death-dealing wrath,
Far, far from thee, my native shore,
Far, far away from Island More.

'Tis better now to part from thee,
While night enfolds thy lonely sea,
As dear to me thy brooding gloom,
As the fragrance of thy flowers in bloom,
To the starry splendors of the night
Flooding thy hills with heavenly light,
To vale and tower and winding shore,
My heart's farewell, loved Island More.

Through all the changes of the years,
In all my joys, in all my tears,
I'll ne'er forget thee, sunny home,
Where'er my wandering feet may roam,
And Memory at evening tide
Shall wing her flight o'er oceans wide
To treasured scenes along thy shore
Oh! lonely, lovely Island More."

MY LITTLE IRISH MARY.

My Mary she is young and fair,
No artful charms can bind her,
Unfettered flows her raven hair
On every breeze behind her.
From morn till night she sweetly sings
Like nymph or woodland fairy,
Bright joy to every heart she brings,
My little Irish Mary.

My Mary's eyes are full of love,
That love is 'round me twining,
Her heart's as gentle as a dove,
And pure as diamonds shining.
Her cheeks would shame the blushing rose,
Her form is light and airy,
With love my heart for her o'erflows,
My little Irish Mary.

I crave not wealth nor lordly home,
I seek no earthly treasure.
From her I never wish to roam,
She is my sweetest pleasure.
Let others sigh for a prouder lot,
And scenes that ever vary,
Give me my humble mountain cot
And my little Irish Mary."

SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song of the dear old land,
The land I can ne'er forget,
That sparkling shines like a jewel grand,
On the brow of ocean set.
Sing of the vales and winding streams,
I knew in childhood's hours.
That come to me in pleasant dreams,
Like visions of Eden's bowers.
Oh! sing of the lark and the robin's
notes,
Of the goldfinch and the thrush;
And the linnet's thrilling song that floats
'Midst the leaves of the holly bush.

Sing me a song of the men of old,
Kings Cormac and Brian Boru,
And Owen O'Neill with heart of gold,
And O'Donnell stanch and true,
Sing of valor bright on Boyne's red banks,
And my tears like rain shall fall,
For the gallant men who fell in ranks
At holy Ireland's call.
Oh sing of the men of that brave old land,
Where Shannon's waters flow,
Of Cathal of the red, right hand,
On the plains of fair Mayo.

Sing me a song of days gone by,
When every balmy air,
Sounded the battle's furious cry,
And the leaders' fierce fanfare.
Tell of the ruined cloisters gray,
From Glendalough to Struel,
Of the stricken souls that came to pray
At Molua's sacred pool.
Oh sing of the saints of our holy isle,
Of Patrick, and Columkille,
And Brigid pure, with her gracious smile,
And Finian's cloister-hill.

Sing me a song of my boyhood's home,
Near the grove of spreading trees,
Where the hawthorn blossoms white as foam
Perfumed each passing breeze.
Chant of the churchyard's lonely shade,
At the end of the old *boreen*,
Where my boyhood friends in peace are laid,
'Neath the tall grass waving green.
Yes, sing of that spot where my loved
ones sleep,
In the churchyard's kindly bed,
Where the lilacs bloom, and the willows
weep,
And the night winds sigh o'erhead.

Sing me a song of that sweet old land,
My land I can ne'er forget,
That shimmering shines like an emerald grand,
In the ocean's coronet.
Sing of the glens and mountain streams,
And the meadows gay with flowers,
That only come to me now in dreams,
Like vistas of Heavenly bowers.
Yea, sing me these songs and my heart
shall smile
And the Exile's sobs shall cease,
And my soul shall speed to my own
Green Isle
With the thrill of a tender peace.

KATIE ALANNA.

Och Katie Alanna, dear Katie machree,
Me heart is on fire, an' tis burnin' for thee,
Shure at mornin', at noon, an' all the long
 night,
That flame in me bosom burns tindher an'
 bright.

From the time, Katie darlin', we met on the
 green,
No aise nor contintmint at all have I seen.
Whereivir I wandher or whativir I do,
The furst thing I know I am thinkin' of you.

Whenivir I look at the beautiful skies
They don't seem half as bright as the blue of
 your eyes.
Alanna, there nivir were stars shinin' bright,
But are rush-lights compared wid those same
 eyes tonight.

Whenivir I look at the rose blushin' red
So nate an' complate wid the dewes on its
 head,
'Tis of your own beautiful blushes it speaks
That cover the satiny white of your cheeks.

Och, Katie avillish, there nivir was wine
As rosy or sweet as those ripe lips of thine,
An' there couldn't be rapture or joy to com-
 pare
Wid the thrill I would feel if me own lips
 were there.

The snow fallin' white on Marna's green hill,
Or the crystal-clear brooks that glide down to
Lough Gill,
Are nivir as gintle or guileless, I'm shure,
As the heart of me own darlin' colleen so pure.

Och, Katie ochora, my sweet gra machree,
Jist wispher the day an' tis happy I'll be.
Shure, the illigant angels in heaven so fair
Will go dancin' wid joy whin to church we
repair.

I'll spake to the priest tomorrow at noon,
For good deeds, can nivir be finished too
soon,
I'll tell him my Katie acushla machree
Has promised her Barney his own bride to be.

Wid you for me jewel, me sweet plighted
wife,
I'll laugh at the world an' its trouble an' strife.
And the bright hours will fly like white birds
o'er the tide,
Wid me own dearest Katie machree by me
side.

EVENING IN FRUITVALE.

How calm, how beautiful the landscape seems !
The weary wind scarce stirs the trembling
bough ;

On droning wing like music sweet of streams,
The honey-laden bee returns ; and now,
From tall Leona's heights the mists are falling
Like filmy veil around some blushing bride.
Softly the fluting meadow-larks are calling—
Far to the west I see Balboa's tide.

Now, one by one, the jewelled stars peep out
From fields of blue through trailing clouds of
gray ;

I hear sweet laughter and the distant shout
Of happy children at their blithesome play.
The tranquil night her sable robe hath spread,
Peace rests upon the Berkeley hills—the clam-
orous day is dead.

MUSIC.

Music hath a wondrous power,
To soothe the human breast,
It hath a charm in every hour,
To lull the soul to rest.

A note to urge the soldier brave,
Where clashing bayonets meet,
A tender voice on land or wave,
To lure the dancers' feet.

In Erin's isle across the main,
What martial hopes unfold,
Whene'er we hear that glorious strain,
"Hurrah for the Men of Old!"

Where is the Celtic heart, oh where,
That does not bound with joy?
At sound of "Fill the Bumper Fair,"
Or the thrilling "Minstrel Boy?"

In lordly hall and lowly cot,
Music hath its sway,
It soothes the peasant's cheerless lot,
And drives all Cares away.

It makes the maiden's bosom start,
With love's delirious thrill,
Ah, music is a wondrous art
Life's weary griefs to still.

THE STAR OF FAITH.

"Now answer this riddle," a father cried
To his only boy one day,
As to a field together they hied,
To rake the new mown hay.

"There is a star, a twinkling star,
The brightest in the skies,
Whose silvery rays shine out afar
Though murky clouds arise.

"It guides us through the darksome night,
And all the weary day,
We toil beneath its cheering light,
We see it when we pray.

"When morning wakes across the wave,
We hail its mellow beams.
Its lustre gilds each loved one's grave,
It glimmers in our dreams.

"We see it in the rosy time,
Of childhood's artless hours,
But best of all in manhood's prime,
When sorrow strews her flowers.

"When faded cheeks and wrinkles mar,
And age the shoulders bow,
The cheerful glint of that fair Star,
Clears many an anxious brow.

“When Persecution’s bitter pain
Oppress the faithful few,
Thru all the threatening clouds again
We see that Star anew.

“It lights the dark of the pagans’ land,
Where many a martyr trod;
And ever it leads the chosen Band
Who walk the ways of God.

“Come now,” he cried with bended head,
“Name me this starry wraith.”
And the boy looked up and softly said:
“It is the Star of Faith.”

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